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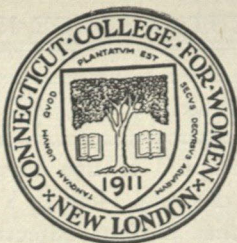
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WELL-KNOWN ECONOMIST APPOINTED TO C. C.

Dr. Edith Ayres Is New
Member of Faculty

The new faculty member in economics has been appointed, Dr. Edith Ayres. She is to be visiting professor of economics. She comes from New York University but at the present time is in London on a Social Science Research Council Fellowship making an historical study of consumption in England.

Dr. Ayres' undergraduate work was done at Wellesley, and her graduate work at the University of Chicago where she received her doctorate in 1921. She has been executive secretary of Consumers' Research and of the Association for Medical Progress, and before going to New York University, she taught at Wellesley and Mount Holyoke.

Dr. Ayres is not only a competent and scholarly economist, but a woman of a great variety of interests, an able pianist, and one who will take an active part in college life. Before the election of courses takes place on May 8th it is hoped that the courses which she is to teach will be announced.

Dr. Ayres has written considerably. She has written for the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* and several chapters on consumption in *Economic Behavior*, a book which is being used this year by Mr. Cobbledick in his courses.

WELL-KNOWN EDITOR ADDRESSES VESPERS

Dr. L. P. Jacks Speaks of Christ's
Offer to the People

"Christ's Offer to the Masses of the People" was the subject of the address of Dr. Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, when he spoke at the Vesper Service of Connecticut College on Sunday evening. Dr. Jacks, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, cited a quotation of Thoreau to the effect that speaking the truth is an act which no one person can do by himself. There must be two people, one to speak and the other to hear and understand.

The people who listened to Jesus comprised an interesting and unusual audience. These multitudes Jesus invited to share his cross and to take part in His suffering. This test of discipleship was the one test that Jesus offered. In doing so He launched a staggering proposal that was too difficult for plain men and women to understand. It was a call, shattering the dreams of life, that was based on and fundamentally consistent of suffering and self-re-

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

'34 ELECTS REMAINDER OF CLASS OFFICERS

The Junior Class held a meeting on Monday evening, and elected the following officers for next year:

Vice-President, Eleanor Hine; Secretary, Lilian Bacon; Treasurer, Jane Trace; Auditor, Elizabeth Hershey; Editor of *Koine*, Emily Daggy; Business Manager of *Koine*, Lydia Riley; Curriculum Member, Alice Taylor; Historian, Vera Warde; Chairman of Entertainment, Gertrude Tetor; Chairman of Decoration, Florence Baylis; Chairman of Sports, Lucile Austin; Song Leader, Grace Nichols; Assistant Song Leader, Camille Sams; Cheer Leader, Serena Blodgett; Assistant Cheer Leader, Elizabeth Archer.

Don't Forget
Junior Prom!

"NEWS" BANQUET MARKS END OF SUCCESSFUL YEAR

It was a gay party that the *News* gave down in the Dutch Room of the Mohican Hotel on Thursday evening, when the new staff gave the old members a banquet. The toils and pangs of office were forgotten for the time being, and it was a carefree crowd that gathered "to eat, drink, and be merry," all decked out in evening dress and lovely corsages. President Blunt, Dean Burdick, Dr. Wells, and Dr. Jensen were the guest speakers. Alice Record, former editor, summarized briefly the achievements of the *News* during the past year, using as the basis of her remarks, the criticism of the National Students' Press Association, which graded our paper as "good." Ann Crocker welcomed the guests, and introduced the speakers then spoke on what the *News* hopes to do in the coming year. Credit for the general success of the banquet goes to Charlotte Harburger, who acted as chairman of the committee and made all the arrangements. Hard work will always find its reward, they say, and this particular reward was a very successful and thoroughly enjoyable one.

CHOIR CONCERT IS GIVEN

A concert was given by the College Choir, Wednesday evening, April 26, in the gymnasium. Dr. J. Lawrence Erb was the director, and he was assisted by Dr. Laubenstein, flutist; Mrs. Laubenstein, pianist; Dorothy Stokes, pianist, and M. Alma Skilton, accompanist.

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

C. C. O. C. TAKES PART IN SECOND I. O. C. A. MEETING

Yale is Host to Members At Their
Engineering Camp

Outing Clubs Tell of Many Interesting
Trips

With woods, hills, and lakes giving a real campy out-door spirit to the occasion, the second annual conference of the Intercollegiate Outing Clubs Association convened at the Yale Engineering Camp. Yale University acted as hosts to the Conference and made all arrangements for securing the camp and supplying and cooking the food. Thornton L. Page, President of the Yale Outing Club, was in charge.

Upon arrival, Friday night, informal games were played in the main hall in order to get every one acquainted. The evening ended with the singing of college songs around a blazing fire.

Saturday morning everyone hiked around the lake and then came back to hold very informal discussion groups on the lawn. Many interesting experiences of the various Outing Clubs were spoken of. During the early afternoon two more periods of discussion took place. The topics discussed were: Trips, Finance, Cabins, Equipment, Organization, Campus Support, Special Projects, and Publicity. After the discussion everyone joined in a game of Touch-foot-ball and then went swimming.

Saturday night was given over to the general meeting of the I. O. C. A. Yale University was elected to choose the Executive Secretary for the next year from their Outing Club. Vassar was chosen the remaining member. Plans were also discussed for holding College Week in the Fall. It is to be held the week of the ninth of September near Lake Placid in the Adirondacks. The Dartmouth Crew at Mt. Mousilauke will compose the committee in charge of it.

After the meeting movies of the West Coast of Africa were shown and then once more the crowd gathered around the fire-place to sing songs and to be entertained by the favorite stories of the Yale and Dartmouth Outing Clubs.

After breakfast Sunday morning the Conference was officially closed.

The delegates from Connecticut were Dorothy Hamilton '33; Elizabeth Turner '34; and Elizabeth Dutch '35. The Colleges which were represented were: Bates, Connecticut, Dartmouth, Maine, New Hampshire, Smith, Vassar, Swarthmore, Mt. Holyoke, Yale, Massachusetts State, and Skidmore.

TRADITIONAL MAY DAY ROLLS AROUND AGAIN

May Day! In accordance with past traditions it is the day still observed in spite of wholesale cutting down of traditions; it is the day consecrated solely to Seniors. At five o'clock early May morning, sleepy sophomores tiptoed down halls to hang May baskets on the door of Senior rooms and Seniors crept out to deck posts on campus with orange and purple streamers. Then followed singing by the choir and breakfast at 7:15, where strawberries were the main attraction. This occasioned more singing by the seniors. And so to classes, black gowns relieved by bright corsages, shining faces trying hard to look Senior-like. Then followed Chapel on the steps of the staid, gray library with a large number of people in attendance. It was truly a stirring sight: the sun shining down like a benediction from overhead on young faces. After a responsive reading led by Dr. Laubenstein, the choir sang a selection. Then President Blunt spoke briefly and fittingly on Spring and Nature and what one can get from them. First, one derives the joy of being out-of-doors and feeling and seeing spring in all its beauty. Second, an even deeper advantage, one can obtain from all this beauty, inspiration. She enjoined her audience not to let Wordsworth's words about the swift passing of glory depress them as they are not applicable here. President Blunt suggested that perhaps we can strengthen our own philosophy of life by thinking how we fit into the scheme of things. Almost everyone has studied enough Biology to know that the human race is always progressing and we may aid it to progress by the use of intelligence and by appreciation of the beauty of life, which after all, is within ourselves.

Thoughtfully, Seniors wound their way back to classes. Then singing by the Seniors at noon in the quadrangle. More classes and off again in the afternoon (minus dignity) to enjoy a picnic in the riding ring.

CADY CONTEST IS HELD

The annual Cady Prize Speaking Contest was held in Knowlton Tuesday evening, May 2. There were sixteen contestants, and the winner will be announced at Commencement. The judges were Dr. Wells, Mrs. Kempton, Miss Nye, Miss Hall, Dr. Erb, and Professor Doyle.

For ten consecutive years the college has been the recipient of

(Continued on page 3, column 1)

HEAD OF ENGLISH DEPT. PUBLISHES NEW BOOK

Review of Dr. Wells' "Englische Studien"

In *Englische Studien*, published in Leipzig, German Professor John Edwin Wells, of Connecticut College, illustrates curious magazine practices in the early 19th century and amusing aftermaths of a characteristic prank by Charles and Mary Lamb, authors of *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Essays of Elia*. In Hone's *Table Book* for 1827 is a quaint sketch of a female in a huge poke bonnet awkwardly astride a stile, with verses beneath it in the manner of Cowper's *John Gilpin's Ride*, and a circumstantial notice that they were found among the poet's papers, and are fragments of an account of Mrs. Gilpin's efforts to emulate her equestrian husband. Several German and British scholars have gravely discussed Cowper's authorship, and the verses are printed as authentic in the standard edition of his poems.

Dr. Wells points out that the matter originated in Mary Lamb's difficulties in surmounting the numerous stiles in her walks about their home at Enfield. Lamb induced the famous humorist Thomas Hood to make the sketch of his sister in her walking costume, and himself wrote the verses beneath it. Then at Mary's instigation he turned the fun into a hoax on the general public by sending the items to the sympathetic editor of *Table Book* with the accompanying attribution to Cowper, and surprised and delighted Hood with a copy direct from the publisher.

The April number of the London quarterly *Review of English Studies* prints a short article by Dr. Wells supplementary to his earlier *London Times* studies of variants between copies of the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798 by William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

SCHOLARSHIP APPLICATION BLANKS

Application blanks for 1933-34 scholarships may be secured in the President's Office.

The blanks must be returned to Miss Smith on or before June first. Some awards will be announced before college closes in June.

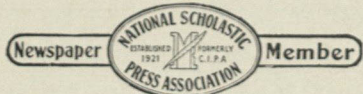
As the number of requests for scholarships for next year will be unusually large, each student is expected to ask only for an amount which is absolutely necessary in aiding her return next year.

KATHARINE BLUNT,
President.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

(Established 1916)

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EDITORIAL

Five more weeks and the class of 1933 walks out of Connecticut forever. A sense of gloom hangs over the glad formality of this May Day celebration, a haunting sadness that is more than a sentimental effusion over the parting of the ways. Somehow it is a different atmosphere about the campus than has been known in other years. Why? Where? What causes it?

Fear! The class of 1933 looks into the future with trembling alarm and turns feverishly to the past in a burst of sentimentality. We are afraid to the very soles of our boots. And of what? Of time heavy on our hands, of nothing to think, nothing to feel, nothing to do. We are afraid of returning to homes whose ways are not our ways, whose ideas are not our ideas, whose feelings are not our feelings. We have caught glimpses of other times when the world was solid—when people were real people and lived as such. We have seen at least the cheap sham behind our slogan, "Let us be modern."

Frank and free, we had thought ourselves. Mean and sordid, we are. Action was our ideal. A mad rushing to nowhere in a great hurry was our accomplishment. Sophistication was our boast. Shallow ignorance was the reality. We take for granted the necessity of this wheel-grinding twentieth century. We think we have seen it all and it is all empty. And so we are afraid—not of depression, but of ourselves. All the more shame to us!

The generation of 1933 is the legion of the damned in its social, moral, and economic heritage. They have told us so, all these great ones, and we accept it, meekly trembling. Where is our courage? What! When we are busy we clamor for time. We would like to read this or puzzle out that. We would like to be able to write, if we had the time—or perhaps it is sing, or draw, or paint, or slave for mankind. Well, the "some day" we have prated of is at hand and we are moaning, "Time! Time! Nothing but time!"

This May Day is fresher and brighter than any we have seen in some time. And where are we? We are slushing and sentimentalizing over what will come in June. We must wake up! Wake up to a world that is all right. We are all wrong. A little steady purpose, a little common sense is what we need more than courage. The days chase each other across the calendar without much disaster. The disaster is in our own minds and hearts. It never happens elsewhere. Then wake up, 1933! Enjoy a May Day while it is here, not later in a maudlin, sentimental reverie. And if we must think of the time when we march out of Connecticut forever, let us think of ourselves marching not as a whimpering, head-slumped legion of the damned, but as a class whose empty time shall be golden opportunity. Let us go with a steadfast purpose and a real gladness that will be better than hundreds of pages of cheap, gushing Valedictory!

CAMPUS CHARACTERS

One is tempted to use classic terms to describe her. You might use that ancient adjective "hyacinthine" to describe her hair—except that hers is a very light corn-color, and then, too, it rather straightens out on rainy days! An artist might call her features "Grecian," but her friends are more apt to say "Swedish." She is fairly tall, and fairly large; her eyes are blue, and her complexion is that of a "healthy child." She's a bit of an artist, and likes to dabble around with oils, to arrange furnishings in a room, to rummage around print shops, and to hunt for exotic chintzes. And such a job she has collecting money for the S. F. candy!

Last week's character was Esther Tyler '33.

An Open Letter to the Student Body of Connecticut College:

I would like you all to know that the Connecticut College Outing Club has officially become a member of the Intercollegiate Outing Clubs Association. This membership entitles C. C. O. C. to receive the Bulletin published each Fall, Winter, and Spring by the Association. The Bulletin contains the activities of the various member clubs, new methods of camp-craft, and trail gossip.

Besides the help that is offered by the Bulletin C. C. O. C. is now fully entitled to participate in the annual Conference of the I. O. C. A. and in College Week.

Due to the enthusiasm shown by the various delegations at the Conference and to the inspiration of the work that they have accomplished, C. C. O. C. hopes that more spirit for its outings will be aroused around our own campus. Many new and fascinating plans are being made for the coming year and we hope to have some fine trips this Spring. If you all realized what has been done at such colleges as Smith and Vassar where they have practically the same difficulties to overcome that we have, maybe you would come out and give us a try. The first Outing is only a tempter and once one has gone with us one always returns. So come along and join us!

If any of you are at all interested in camping come to see me and hear all about College Week. It is an experience that you will never forget, a week of real camping in the heart of the Adirondacks in perfect September weather. You will regret it if you don't go!

ELIZABETH A. TURNER,
Chairman of C. C. O. C.

Wheaton girls are campaigning for a "parking space for Dads". In other words they want a special room in which fathers may smoke and read and visit. They say (and aren't they right): "After all, these Dads of ours are pretty important factors in our being at college."

HOT 'N TOT

Dear Hot:

Is my face red? Not embarrassment, old dear—merely a week-end spent playing tennis and sunning on the balconies. It's a good old Connecticut pastime, getting a sun-burn as early as possible. Really they ought to make a record each year of the earliest—or should I say oiliest?—and the best sun-burns.

Once again May Day has come and gone. What a furor these last few days have raised in the dining halls. Nearly all of the College was there for Sunday Night supper, an unheard of proceeding, and was the place crowded for Monday's breakfast—yes, my dear, they actually have a real tradition here of giving us fresh strawberries on May Day. And of course the Sophomores were up and at it in the wee sma' hours. The Seniors looked quite festive with their flowers and then, the serious old caps and gowns.

I suppose that you will be trotting down to Derby day this week-end. I'll see you there. The sculls have been out on the Thames recently and does it ever make the old heart long for those races.

Service League, from all reports, must have been a snappy—or might one say a snooty success? New loves always seem able to be found in the Spring and such strange combinations as were seen at the Dance.

I have almost decided to take up the farm life since the warm weather has appeared and there is still a depression. I'm going right down town as soon as I graduate and buy me a sun-bonnet and then I'm going out to milk the cows. Want to come along?

Well, I must away to read Dante to my "Bossy"—

TOT.

HORSESHOW TO BE MAY 9

The horshow to be held on Tuesday, May 9, from 4-6 in the afternoon is to be run entirely by the students with the help of Miss Martin. The committees in charge are: Emily Benedict '34, manager; Edith Quinlan '36, assistant manager; Virginia Donald '33, ring-master; Marjorie Nicholson '35, publicity. There will be five classes in the show—1st class for advanced, 2nd class for intermediate, 3rd class for beginners, 4th class for jumpers, and 5th class for riding in pairs.

The show will take place in the field next to the hockey field. There will be out-of-town judges to award the ribbons. In case of rain the meet will be postponed.

A boner, but a thoroughly logical one, was committed by a freshman at Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia. In the course of a literary conversation, she made some remark about "A Dissertation On Roast Pig." When asked who had written it, she answered promptly, "Bacon, I think."

FREE SPEECH

(The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column. In order to insure the validity of this column as an organ for the expression of honest opinion, the editor must know the names of contributors.)

Dear Editor:

In a recent communication to "Free Speech" a contributor who signs herself "33" discusses, very interestingly, the question of a new and different name for the college. It is not my purpose to enter into this discussion. I merely wish to call attention to one statement which gives me pause. "We are not," she writes, "co-eds, and we are not studying to be dairy-maids." Really? Is it possible that among our more than 500 students, not one is planning to become a dairy-maid? For many years I have been called upon to write recommendations for students desiring to become teachers or social workers, and I have secretly cherished the hope that the time might come when I should be asked to set forth the abilities, the training, the charm and grace of a prospective dairy-maid. I have dwelt upon the intellectual enthusiasm, the alertness, the assimilating power (this point, I have always felt, should be referred to the professor of physiology), and the perseverance ("even against difficulties and discouragement, if necessary") of the candidate, not forgetting to slip in the obligatory remark concerning "pleasing personality." But I have rung the changes on these items for so long a time that I have become jaded. I feel cramped. What I want is the opportunity to say what I think of the dairy-maid *in spe*. I think I might even become poetical—In the wide and rocky pasture Where the cedar trees are gray, The milk-maid with her milk-pail Appeared at break of day.

Is it possible that our students are lacking in imagination? Why do they all want to teach and work society (if that is what social workers do)? Do they not realize the possibilities of dairy-maiding? Are they ignorant of the indignities to which bossy is subjected in this mechanical age of ours? Are they aware that on the well equipped dairy-farm the cows, at milking time, are driven in a never ending line onto a turntable where they have to face, one by one, the man (never a dairy-maid) who brushes them off, the man who gives them a shower, the man who adjusts the milking-machine, the man who takes their temperature, the man who inoculates them with anti-this and anti-that, the man who fixes or inspects a metal tag in the right ear, the man who does the same for the left ear? Imagine being driven onto a turn-table at 8:00 a. m. to face, first, an attendant who requires of you a certain quota of irregular French verbs, then another who . . . But I refrain. This begins to sound like a scene from Dante's *malebolge*. How different all this might be! Do our women realize that while

(Continued on page 4, column 5)

CADY CONTEST IS HELD*(Concluded from page 1, column 4)*

twenty-five dollars given for this prize. The donors are a group of ladies, the former pupils of the late Mrs. Sarah Ensign Cady of West End Institute in New York. The prize is given for excellence in English speech. Although having no affiliation with Connecticut, these ladies have been kind enough to renew the prize every year, and they also entertained Connecticut students who visited them in New York a few years ago on the occasion of their annual dinner.

WELL-KNOWN EDITOR ADDRESSES VESPERS*(Concluded from page 1, column 1)*

nunciation. Before this invitation, this challenge to accept the cross, the religious of the world fell as Christ addressed the masses.

Dr. Jacks concluded by a consideration of the document of Christ, which goes directly to the very highest in man, and bids him

SERVICE LEAGUE

"Those dancing feet" were at it again on Saturday night in Knowlton Salon, to the gay strains of the Wesleyan Orchestra. Mr. and Mrs. Cobbledick, Miss Brett, and Miss Priest acted as chaperons. Service Leagues seem to be getting more and more popular. And yet this is an old gag—this Depression!

The annual spring Student Recital of the Department of Music will take place in the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, May 10th, at 8 o'clock. The instrumentalists and vocalists of the department will present a varied program. All are welcome.

look upon happiness, not as an evil, but as something which man can do without, and to see happiness, not as a good thing, but as something which man must endure.

LIQUID AIR EXPERIMENTS SHOW STARTLING RESULTS

Startling experiments with liquid air, based on simple scientific explanations, were shown by Mr. Elliot James in his second visit to the college. Before demonstrating, Mr. James gave a short talk on liquid air. He said that liquid air has certain properties that make it unusual—the most outstanding of which is its

An editorial in the *Smith College Weekly* points out a few of the possibilities of beer. In shades of "The Student Prince" it advocates a change in the whole tempo of campus life under the influence of beer, and suggests that "meals should be protracted by political discussions and noisy sippings, walking to class should become a leisurely camaraderie, not the usual dash at the expense of other people's lives and limbs."

low temperature of 312° below zero. In spite of its temperature being so low, however, liquid air is always boiling. Never under pressure, it is left exposed, and allowed to evaporate slowly. When the pressure under which the air has been liquified is released, the air becomes cold. Since the World War an impetus has been given to industries built up on liquid air products, secured by the separation of the air into its eight different elements.

Mr. James then demonstrated several curious things made possible with liquid air. A toy aeroplane was run by liquid air—and real aeroplanes could be made to fly this way also, if the expense were not too great. Liquid air was poured over a steak, freezing it so solidly that it could be broken into small pieces. Another interesting experiment was that of pouring the liquid air on some mercury which had been poured into a hammer-shaped mould. The mer-

curing hardened so that nails could be hammered with the solid material, but it tended to soften quickly.

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Something to Say

—not just saying something



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."



*they
Satisfy*



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There must be a fascination in shooting things into the air, and letting them fall to earth, never mind where, if we are to judge human nature by Branford's inmates. Arrows, however, were too mild to please, so animals, pillows, and well, you name it—were substituted. It was lots of fun until what went down had to come up—then the Joey was gone.

* * *

It seems to me that the C. C. O. C. convention delegates were put out a-plenty when it took them one and one-half hours to return from the Yale Engineering Camp. It seemed that the day was so lovely and nature so appealing that before they could get very far, someone would exclaim, "See, see, oh—see!" and stop they must to kodak as they went. They will admit that it all fell a little flat a couple of times but nothing can down the spirits of such nature lovers.

CHOIR CONCERT IS GIVEN

(Concluded from page 1, column 2)

The programme was as follows:

Adoration to God Hadyn
Choir

Prelude a L'après-midi d'un Faun Debussy
Dorothy Stokes and
M. Alma Skilton

Morning Speaks

My Love's An Arbutus Irish Folk-song

Singers and Songs Eichhorn

The Shepherd of Dumbleton English Folk-song
Choir

Sonata in D, for Flute and Piano Hadyn

Adagio, Allegro, Menuetto
Dr. and Mrs. Laubenstein

The Little Dustman Brahms

Serenade (by request) Erb

Music, When Soft Voices Die Dickinson

Morning Hymn Henschel
Choir

Impromptu-Rococo, Op. 58, No. 2 Schütt

Dorothy Stokes and
M. Alma Skilton

Lord, How Long? Brahms
Choir

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Write for our booklet.
It will interest you.

Miss Margaret Cole Day, Director

Roofs, balconies, tennis, etc., have resumed their popularity of last fall. No one minds playing with fire—they want to get burned and, just let me warn you, don't interfere by telling them you don't think it is very appealing or they'll wax so *tanacious* that you, being stripped of all argument, will end up by joining them.

* * *

One of the well-known members of the administration was heard to remark the other day that she hoped that when the Coast Guard Academy moved up here there would be more children for the Connecticut girls to take care of. Whose, we wonder.

* * *

At the I. O. C. A. Conference one manly Dartmouth lad was heard to remark, quite often, that he was from Harvard (which Outing Club was conspicuously absent) and he must vote, as a Harvard man, for the Vassar girls. We wonder what kind of time the C. C. girls were making.

* * *

Have you ever walked through Branford and heard a most peculiar noise? It goes on constantly and is most infectious. What is it? The giggle of a well-known Senior who lives on the third floor.

* * *

The Libe is evidently no place for the hat-rack, although it may welcome stool-pigeons. May Day seemed to affect one Senior quite badly for she boldly attempted to enter the library, with the said hat-rack, where all of her friends were awaiting her arrival taking the most advantageous seats near the door. But she was told to get out. Imagine, a Senior! But 'twas merely another game of Truth and Consequences.

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PRESENTATION OF "CASTE" IS ENJOYED BY C. C.

Jitney Players Receive Constructive
Criticism

The Jitney Players presented *Caste*, a comedy by Tom W. Robertson, on Friday, April 28, in the gym for the benefit of the scholarship fund. The play, a Victorian drama marking the transition between the old-fashioned melodrama and the more modern type of comedy, is a delightful, though somewhat improbable, story of a man who goes off to war, is declared dead and finally returns at the critical moment when his wife is beginning to resign herself to fate. Her father, a good natured villain, has wasted all the money on drink and Esther, in order to support her child, is about to go back to the ballet from which caste she has been raised by her marriage to a wealthy nobleman.

The play takes place in London in 1867, a time when the difference between the classes in Stangate, the home of Esther, and Mayfair, from which her husband came, was definitely observed. However, the setting for Stangate and that for Mayfair were so alike that we would not have known the difference if not for the program. We realize that the Players must carry their scenery with them on their travels but they might try to make a more characteristic setting by eliminating some of the shabbiness of the Mayfair lodgings. We are glad to say that the costumes were in keeping with the atmosphere.

With all due respect for the efforts of the leading characters, we note that Helen Morrow as Polly Eccles practically ran away with the show with her vivid interpretation of the part and her apparently natural sense of humor. Douglas Rowland as Samuel Geridge, Polly's mechanically inclined swain, ran her a close second with her rather desperate appearance, but practical outlook on

life. During the scene in which the two of them were contrasted with Esther and D'Alroy, there was a tendency to disregard the latter couple because of the brilliant acting of the others. Harrison Dowd, as Eccles, the drunken father, picturesquely portrayed the typical Cockney good-for-nothing. Watching him walk unsteadily in, during the most critical scenes, was delightful entertainment. The dignified Captain Hawtree, played by Charles Kradoska who carried his uniform so strikingly, was acted well consistently. Alice Cheney as Esther, and Lee Crowe as the Hon. George D'Alroy, her husband, were a trifle ordinary and consistently unconvincing. Except at their reunion, their deep love for each other would hardly have been recognized from their acting. When Esther took the sword down from the wall overcome by the realization that her husband is dead, we didn't even feel inclined to sympathize with her for the emotion didn't appear spontaneous. Barbara Benedict in the part of the Marquise de St. Maur, the typical class-conscious Victorian Lady, overacted a little even for her part. Perhaps if her speech in the Second Act had been cut somewhat, we wouldn't have been bored by her at all.

We realize that the play is melodramatic and appreciate the attempt of the cast to produce the play in as modern a way as possible. They are to be commended for their success in certain scenes.

The *Blue and Grey* of Hood College compiled the following statistics on the sizes worn by the Modern Hood Venus after a week of census-taking at the dorms: hat size 22, shoes 6, dress 16½, hose 9½, gloves 6½. What a waste of effort!

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FREE SPEECH

(Concluded from page 2, column 5)

they are penetrating all the occupations formerly reserved to men, they are being eliminated; all unconsciously, from a profession peculiarly fitted to their taste and ability, that they are being crowded off the milking-stool? Think what a little home decoration would mean to the cows! In Holland, with its proverbial neatness, the immaculate cow barns are made cheery and cozy with chintz curtains at the windows ('struth). In Switzerland they naturally use dotted swiss. We want sanitary milk, to be sure, but we want a little romance and beauty left in it. I, for one, cannot enjoy milk that comes from Cow No. 37. I want milk direct from Adelheid, or Landoalda, or whatever her name may be. And I don't want her to be milked on a turn-table. I want to know that she was milked under the old gray cedar tree, at rosy-fingered dawn, by a graduate of C. C., reciting the while, to herself and to bossy, *Auf der Überfahrt*, or some other suitable poem. I cannot enlarge on my theme,—that is to say I could, but I fear that I may have already placed a heavy strain upon the patience of the Editor. I will merely add that the first senior who decides to become a dairy-maid may be assured of at least one glowing recommendation.

K.

Skidmore News relays that Ralph Waldo Emerson helped to pay his way at Harvard by "ghost-writing" themes for heavy-headed classmates.

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